

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

## LOVE AND CUPID.

Once on a time—for so the story goes—  
As Love, sweet maid, lay sleeping in her bow'r,  
Young Cupid, little dreaming of the woes  
To sure succeed from that unlucky hour,  
Came through the greenwood, and, with bow in hand,  
Beside the sleeping maiden took his stand.  
Short time he gazed upon her beauteous form  
Ere yet he bent him down to pluck a kiss  
From cheeks, rich tinted with the life-blood warm,  
And pouting lips. He knelt. A moment's bliss,  
And then, alas! Love bounded to her feet  
While on his lips yet dwelt the nectar sweet.  
In her affright she seized his bow and dart,  
And, as he turned to flee, the cruel steel  
Launched, with most deadly aim, full at his heart;  
But ere he could the cruel wounding feel  
She clasped him in her arms. The weapon, prest  
By keen remorse, she forced into her breast.  
And thus it is that we so often see  
The self-same arrow pierce two tender hearts,  
Which, stricken sore, submit to Fate's decree,  
And mutual share the pain each wound imparts;  
Nor do they either wit or wisdom gain,  
But dream one moment's bliss worth all the pain.

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## FOR SALE.

It was only a baby carriage, but yet I stopped to look at it; not that I had any intention of purchasing—(my babies have long since outgrown the use of such a conveyance)—but because of the associations which were, or as I thought might be, connected with it.

It stood upon the little grass-plot in front of the house, close by the fence; and as I gazed at it through the palings fancy was busy drawing sweet, tender pictures upon the tablet of my heart.

It was one of those old-fashioned four wheeled carriages, the tops of which are made to be raised or lowered at will, and its rusty paint, and the cracks in the enameled surface of its covering, mutely told the story of its frequent use in days gone by.

The foot-rod was faded, and, in places, worn thread-bare by the restless baby feet which had once there found support; the soft cushioned seat yet bore the impress of a childish form; and the bows sustaining the top revealed the marks of childish hands which had often found them a ready stay in time of need.

Looking yet more closely I perceived, tied to the iron-work on the farther side of the seat by a fragment of ribbon, a broken toy—part of a child's rattle—and a rubber ring.

At sight of these mementoes left behind by the youthful proprietor of this once royal coach there rose up before me a vision of a bright, winsome baby face, and a little form decked out in all the finery lavished upon the Pet of a Household; of a fond mother bending over the little one, and a proud father looking on admiringly.

What has become of baby now? I wondered. Did the sweet bud perish before it had fully opened in the light of home, or has it grown and flourished until its gathered strength and time have transplanted it to bloom amid other scenes in the world's great garden?

Charlie or Winnie, for aught I knew, might be even then quietly sleeping beneath the dew and the daisies; or, full of the rollicking spirit of boyhood, or of the enchanting shyness of girlhood climbing the flowery path of youth to life's high summit.

For aught I knew, he or she who had once filled that dainty seat might, even while I gazed, be fulfilling the stern requirements of a true manhood, or learning those holy lessons and tender womanly ways, which are the crowning joys and perfected work of motherhood. For aught I knew it might be so; and as I love best the bright and sunny pictures, I built my airy castle and hung its walls with such as pleased me most.

My work was almost done—the masterpiece, portraying upon its broad canvas the glorious landscape of a noble life—was ready to be put in place, when a dark cloud obscured the sun and a gloomy shadow was cast athwart the foreground of my fancy.

That little one—what if it had grown and flourished like some ugly thing, to be a source of vexation and sorrow to the loving hearts that cared for it so well and tenderly when it was young! What if—but, no! I can imagine nothing that is not good and pure and beautiful of childhood. I cannot, I will not think that the sweet home violet, or bright eyed daisy, or pansy, or even the ragged Robin of the family can ever become other than it is when first opening to the light—a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Once more the sun shines down upon the scene, touching up with golden light the central figure of my reverie. Once more the colors I have put on fancy's canvas glow beneath the splendor of the day god's beams—once more a vision rises up to view—and such a vision! Oh how wondrous fair! Mothers may picture it for themselves when they think of their first baby. Fathers may, perhaps, catch distant gleams of it as the traveler catches gleams of pleasant fields and smiling valleys through the emerald foliage of an intervening wood; but of all the others, none may see it as I beheld it; nor could they realize its beauty even if it were vouchsafed them to see it grow into being before their eyes. They could not understand it nor read the poetry of its meaning. So I pass on, as I did then, leaving the baby carriage, with its placard of "For Sale" attached, to tell its story to other hearts as it was rehearsed to mine.

So I pass on, but carry with me as I go the fanciful etchings graven upon my heart while I stood looking at it and wondering what might have been its past.

Scientific men now say that men's brains are made from the white of an egg. The announcement was made only two weeks ago, and eggs have gone right up. Large invoices have been forwarded to Washington, and the hens are assuming more importance than an amateur pedestrian.—*Poultry Nation.*

Yes, it takes about one hundred dozen eggs per day to supply the cranks, chronic office seekers, and other like visitors with brains. About seventy-five dozen thus find their way back to the neighborhood of the Nation.

Between the yes and no of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin. Have patience and shuffle the cards.

## IN A HAMMOCK.

"I've been a fool!" growled Harper, as he untied a parcel in his front yard, and shook out a new hammock. "Here I've been lopping around all through this infernal hot spell, when I might as well have been swinging in a hammock, and had my blistered back cooled off by the breezes." Anyone can put up a hammock. All you've got to do is to untie about five hundred snarls, and work over the thing until you can't tell whether the open side was meant to go up or down. This puzzled Harper for full twenty minutes, but he finally got it right, and fastened the ends to two convenient trees.

Then he took off his hat and coat, and rolled in with a great sigh of relief. No, he didn't quite roll in. He was all ready to, when the hammock walked away from him, and he rolled over the grass, and came to a stop with a croquet ball under the small of his back.

"Did you mean to do that?" called a boy who was looking over the fence, and slowly chewing away on green apples.

"Did I? Of course I did! Get down off that fence, or I'll call a policeman." The boy slid down, and Harper brought up a lawn chair for the next move. It's the easiest thing in the world to drop off a chair into a hammock. Lots of men would be willing to do it on a salary of ten dollars per week. The trouble with Harper was, that he didn't drop all his body at once. The upper half got into the hammock all right, but the lower half kicked and thrashed around on the grass until the small boy, who didn't mean to leave the neighborhood until the show was out, felt called upon to exclaim: "You can't turn a hand-spring with your head all wound up in that net, and I'll bet money on it!"

Harper suddenly rested from his labors to rise up and shake his fist at the young villain, but that didn't help the case a bit. He hadn't got into that hammock yet. He carefully looked the case over, and decided that he had his plans too high. He felt around to see if he was all in, and then gave himself a swing. No person can be happy in a hammock, unless the hammock has a pendulous motion. This hammock of Harper was getting the regular salt water swing, when his knots untied, and he came down on the broad of his back with such a jar that the small boy felt called upon to observe:

"That ain't no way to level a lawn;—you want to use a regular roller!"

After the victim had recovered consciousness, he crawled out, gently rubbed his back on an apple tree, and slowly disappeared around the corner of the house, in search of some weapon which would annihilate the hammock at one sweep, and though the boy called to him again and again, asking if a minstrel performance was to follow the regular show, Mr. Harper never turned his head nor made a sign.—*Exchange.*

## CURIOUS FIGHT.

One of the most extraordinary duels ever fought took place in 1808, between two Frenchmen. Of course the quarrel arose about a lady, a certain Mlle. Tirevit, who, it appears, could not decide which man she preferred; and with some vague idea, apparently, of reviving ancient custom, she agreed to marry whichever worsted the other. The ardent lovers postponed their combat for a month, that they might feel "quite cool," and then agreed to fight in the air! Two balloons were made, exactly alike, and upon the appointed day the rivals, each with his second, took their places and soared aloft, agreeing to fire, not at each other, but at each other's balloon, for which purpose they were armed with blunderbusses. The wind was moderate, the balloons rose half a mile, and then the preconcerted signal was given. One of the gentlemen missed his aim, the other sent a ball through the rival balloon, which instantly collapsed, the car descended with frightful rapidity, the duellist and his second were dashed to the ground and killed, and we are to suppose that the successful rival was rewarded by the fair hand of Mlle. Tirevit.

## AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

One of the most beautiful legends of ancient times is told as happening on the site of Solomon's Temple, the memory of which hallowed scene was remembered when the temple was decided upon, and which caused it to be built thereon. The story goes that the land was owned and occupied by two brothers, one of whom had a family, and the other had none—the very spot on which the temple was afterwards built being sown with wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered into separate shocks, the elder brother said to his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and the heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place with his without his knowledge." The younger brother being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself, "My elder brother has a family and I have none; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place with his without his knowledge." Judge their mutual astonishment, when, on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective fields with their arms full. Alas! how many nowadays would more likely be caught stealing their brother's entire shocks than adding to it a single sheaf!

A watchmaker in Newcastle, Pa., says a Pittsburg paper, has completed a set of three gold shirt-studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The three studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt bosom, and the watch contained in the middle one is wound up by turning the stud above, and the hands are set by turning the one below. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about the Lilliputian machine is that it works with a pendulum, like a clock, and the pendulum will act with ease and accuracy in whatever position the timepiece is placed, even if it be placed upside down.

The bathing dresses worn by the little boys along the wharves are very simple. They consist of a stone bruise on the heel.

## LOOK THE OTHER WAY.

Half the papers you pick up nowadays have appeals to authorities of one sort or another to protect society from the small boy who persists in "going in swimming" without clothes on. Society, of course, ought to be protected, but on the other hand the boys ought to swim. It is their nature to do so. It is odd that it never occurs to society to look the other way when the boys are about to swim. That would protect society, the boys, the authorities, and the newspapers. It seems like an easy thing to do, but its practice—or a part of it—finds it very hard to do—in fact, quite impossible. And society has been like that for at least a hundred years. It was a little longer ago than that a solid Pennsylvania Dutchman came into the presence of the commander of the British troops, then occupying Philadelphia, and complained that the soldiers had a habit of going to swim within sight of his house, to the great annoyance of his daughters. The general promised to look into it. The officer sent to examine, reported that the swimming place was so far from the house that the men could not be seen. So they were allowed to continue. The Dutch father came again to complain, and when told of the officer's report, replied, "Ah, but those girls have got a spyglass." Let the boys get health and fun in the water, and let society focus its spyglass in some other direction.

—*Buffalo Express.*

## THE IRON CROSS OF PRUSSIA.

In March, 1811, Frederick William III, of Prussia, father of the present sovereign, instituted the Order of the Iron Cross, for peculiar military or civil distinction in the war then carried on against Bonaparte. At that time Prussia, long depressed, had taken a place in the van, and her troops were part of the great German Army of Liberation. The so-called "Confederation of the Rhine," of which Bonaparte had been head, had been dissolved. Frederick's motto was "Honor and our Country," and this was also adopted by Alexander of Russia. Frederick William had invited his subjects to pour their gold and silver ornaments into the public Treasury, whence they would receive iron ones fashioned in the same form, to preserve in their families—indicating past wealth and present patriotism—and the call had been nobly responded to. Bracelets, necklaces, rings, brooches, crosses, solitaires, earrings of gold, and jewels were taken to the treasury, and there exchanged for similar bijoux, beautifully worked in bronze, and inscribed "I give gold for iron, 1813." From that time until the war was ended, golden ornaments were never worn, and hence arose the Beautiful Berlin bronze ornaments, so well known and so highly prized throughout Europe, as well as the order of the Iron Cross of Prussia.

The present King of Prussia has revived this, the most honored and honorable national decoration, conferred only for service and high merit during the War of Liberation in 1813 and 1815. No other rank will be handicapped for the chase of this reward for courage exhibited on the field of battle, or in shielding the household gods at home, but that of merit. The soldier of Prussia has now before him two classes and a grand cross. The first-class medal and ribbon is to be worn the instant he wins it, on the left breast, where his heart beats; the second-class in the buttonhole, where of all places should be sported the flower of valor; the third, a double size medal, to dangle round his neck as a cross round the throat of a Crusader. But to possess the second he must make good his title to the first. The Grand Cross will be the recognition of nothing less than signal victory accomplished, the conquest of an important position or place, or the brave defense of a fortress. The Iron Cross was the glory of glories during the wars of Liberation. Even when you had won it, it yet remained to be won; for the number of these precious badges were limited, and its recipient had not only to distinguish himself against the foe, but to wait till one of his fortunate countrymen died. He might, however, have handed it down to his son as an heirloom. Here, then, a bit of cast iron, whose intrinsic value would be magnificently paid for by a few cents, becomes more valuable, to a brave man, than the Sancy diamond or the Kohinoor could possibly be, for it is the perpetual testimony of valor, honor, love of freedom, and the fatherland. Louis Napoleon may distribute baskets full of the insignia of his uncle's celebrated order, but what is their value compared with that of the simple iron cross of Prussia, in itself a trophy and a history! It has been revived, King William declares to his German friends and subjects, "in consideration of the serious situation in which the country is now placed, and in grateful memory of the heroic actions of our fathers during the War of Liberation."

Burton, the stage robber, who deliberately robbed thirteen persons aboard the coach near Alamosa, is blind in one eye, has a cork leg, and has no bone in his right arm. The passengers deserve great credit for their subdued and courteous manners toward the harmless fellow while he was holding a preliminary examination over them. There was not an objection raised. The only thing the party raised was their hands.—*Ozark (Col.) Times.*

## A MOSQUITO CONUNDRUM.

"Why am I like mosquitoes, dear,  
That you have killed?" he sighed.  
"Because you won't go hum, I fear,"  
The sleepy maid replied.  
"That isn't it—please try once more."  
"Well, then you're like," said she,  
"Mosquitoes, for they always bore."  
"Your wrong again," said he.  
"Because they come round every night,  
And are a nuisance, too?"  
"Oh no, my love; the reason right  
Is that I'm mashed on you."  
"What does that mean?" she asked. While he  
Explained she gently coughed.  
"Oh, now I understand," laughed she—  
"You're mashed because you're soft."  
"What is the difference," said she,  
"Between the moon and you?"  
"I cannot tell, my treasured one,"  
Said he with interest new.  
"The difference is this," said she,  
"With the satire of a Junius,  
"The moon hath silvery quarters, love,  
While you are impecunious."

## A WONDERFUL BANK.

Adams & Co. and the Adams Express Company, did a very profitable business in receiving from brokers and others notes of the several banks of the country and presenting them for redemption, charging double rates for such business. At that time there were a class of banks in Indiana known as free banks. Any person who could purchase \$50,000 worth of bonds could deposit them with the Auditor of State and receive that amount in bank notes ready for circulation when signed by the bank's president and cashier, and these notes were redeemable only at the counter of the bank. It was an object, therefore, for the bankers to place the bank where it would be difficult to get at, and then loan out its notes, and let them circulate as money. Under instructions, I kept three or four men ready to start on a moment's notice to hunt up these banks, and present their notes. Many of them were located in towns which had no existence except on paper, and were very difficult to find. At one time when all my men were away except one, who was sick, I received a package containing \$1,000 on the Bank of Morocco. The bank, I learned from the State Auditor, was located on the Grand Prairie, about fifty miles west of Lafayette, and 125 miles from Indianapolis. The Lafayette and Indianapolis Railroad was then running about fifty miles of that distance, and the rest of the way had to be traveled on horseback and coach. Procuring a horse at Lafayette, I started west through the prairie with scarcely a track to guide me, with \$1,000 in my pocket, and I did not find a person who had ever heard of Morocco, until I reached the little town of Rensselaer, where I finally got some information.

Pushing on until nearly night, I saw before me two log buildings, and, riding up to one, which proved to be a blacksmith shop, I inquired the way to Morocco. The smith told me I was already in the town, and I inquired where the bank was located. He informed me that he kept the bank in his house, and asked what I wanted. I told him. It was then dark, and I had no alternative but to stay with him all night, though he told me his accommodations for travelers were very poor. He turned my horse out on the prairie to graze, and I got a very good supper at his house. It was very warm, and he made a bed on the prairie, where we both slept. I was a little uneasy about sleeping on the open plain with \$1,000 in my pocket, and he offered to put it in the bank, and did so. In the morning, after a very comfortable breakfast, we proceeded to the business for which I came. He went to one corner of the log cabin and commenced taking potatoes out of a barrel, and after taking out a bushel or more, produced a bag of gold, which was marked \$5,000, and counted out fifty \$20 gold pieces, and handed them to me, and put the notes and his bag of gold back into the barrel, and covered them up with the potatoes. After receiving my money I asked him for his bill for meals, lodging, and horse feed, but he refused to take anything, and remarked: "You are the first person who ever found the Bank of Morocco, and if you will keep its location to yourself, I am satisfied." Mr. Dunn, Auditor of State, told me that several persons had tried to find the Bank of Morocco, but he thought I was the only one who had succeeded.

## HE OBEYED ORDERS.

Frederick II, King of Prussia, used to rise early, and he gave strict orders to attendants never to allow him to sleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and to pay no attention to his unwillingness to rise. One morning, at the appointed time, the page whose duty it was to attend him, who had been long in his service, came to his bed and woke him. "Let me sleep but a little longer," said the monarch, "I am still much fatigued." "Your Majesty has given positive orders that I should wake you early," replied the page. "But another quarter of an hour." "Not one minute," said the page. "It has struck four; I am ordered to insist upon your Majesty's rising." "Well," said the King, "you are a brave lad; had you let me sleep on, you would have fared ill for your neglect."

## AT THE GATE.

Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a mild evening? This is how they do it: "Good-by!" "Good-by! Come down and see us soon." "I will. Good-by!" "Good-by!" Don't forget to come soon." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up." "I won't. Be sure and bring Sarah Jane with you next time." "I will. I'd have brought her up this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awfully." "Did she, now? That was too bad! Be sure and bring her next time." "I will; and you be sure and bring the baby." "I will. I forgot to tell you that he cut another tooth." "You don't say so! How many has he now?" "Five. It makes him awful cross." "I dare say it does, this hot weather. Well, good-by! Don't forget to come down." "No, I won't. Don't forget to come up. Good-by!" And they separated.

A lady living near Baltimore, who is very deaf, stopped a milkman as he was passing the house the other day and asked him how much he charged for a quart of milk, and then put up her ear-trumpet to catch the reply. The man drew a quart of milk and emptied it into the trumpet, and the result has been that he has to go three miles out of his way to keep out of sight of the lady's son, who sits on the front porch waiting for him to pass.

The following notice by a Virginia blacksmith indicates Readjuster sentiments on the part of Mose's partner: "Notis—De copartnership heretofore existing betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe the firm will settle wid me and dem what the firm owe will settle wid Mose."—*Texas Sittings.*

A gentleman, in his eagerness at the table to answer a call for apple pie, owing to the knife slipping on the bottom of the dish, found his knuckles buried in the crust; when a wag who sat opposite, gravely observed, as he held his plate, "Sir, I'll trouble you for a bit while your hand's in."

## CLAIMS! CLAIMS!

This Claim House Established in 1865!

GEORGE E. LEMON,  
Attorney-at-Law,OFFICES, 615 Fifteenth St., (Citizens' National Bank),  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

P. O. DRAWER 325.

## Pensions.

If wounded, injured, or have contracted any disease, new disability, the disability, apply at once. Thousands entitled.

## Heirs.

Widows, minor children, dependent mothers, fathers, and minor brothers and sisters, in the order named, are entitled.

## War of 1812.

All surviving officers and soldiers of this war, whether in the Military or Naval service of the United States, who served fourteen (14) days; or, if in a battle or skirmish, for a less period, and the widows of such who have not remarried, are entitled to a pension of eight dollars a month. Proof of loyalty is no longer required in these claims.

## Increase of Pensions.

Pension laws are more liberal now than formerly, and many are now entitled to a higher rate than they receive.

From and after January, 1881, I shall make no charge for my services in claims for increase of pension, where no new disability is alleged, unless successful in procuring the increase.

## Restoration to Pension Roll.

Persons who have been unjustly dropped from the pension roll, or whose names have been stricken therefrom by reason of failure to draw their pension for a period of three years, or by reason of re-enlistment, may have their pensions renewed by corresponding with this house.

## Desertion

From one regiment or vessel and enlistment in another, and a bar to pension in cases of desertion, disease, or injury was incurred while in the service of the United States, and in the line of duty.

## Land Warrants.

Survivors of all wars from 1790 to March 3, 1855, and certain heirs are entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land, if not already received. Soldiers of the late war not entitled.

Land warrants purchased for cash at the highest market rates, and assignments perfected.

## Correspondence invited.

## Prisoners of War.

Ration money promptly collected.

## Furlough Rations.

Amounts due collected without unnecessary delay. Such claims cannot be collected without the furlough.

## Horses Lost in Service.

Claims of this character promptly attended to. Many claims of this character have been erroneously rejected. Correspondence in such cases is respectfully invited.

## Bounty and Pay.

Collections promptly made.

Property taken by the Army in States not in Insurrection.

Claims of this character will receive special attention, provided they were filed before January 1, 1880. If not filed prior to that date they are barred by statute of limitation.

In addition to the above we prosecute Military and Naval claims of every description, procure Patents, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, attend to business before the General Land Office and other Bureaus of the Interior Department, and all the Departments of the Government.

We invite correspondence from all interested, assuring them of the utmost promptitude, energy, and thoroughness in all matters entrusted to our hands.

GEORGE E. LEMON.

## REFERENCES.

As this may reach the hands of some persons unacquainted with this House, we append hereto, as specimens of the testimonials in our possession, copies of letters from several gentlemen of Political and Military distinction, and widely known throughout the United States:

BELVIDERE, ILL., October 24, 1875.

I take great pleasure in recommending Captain GEORGE E. LEMON, now of Washington, D. C., to all persons who may have claims to settle or business to prosecute before the Departments at Washington. I know him to be thoroughly qualified, well acquainted with the laws, and with Department rules in all matters growing out of the late war, especially in the Pension and Quartermaster's Offices. I have had occasion to employ him for friends of mine, also, in the soliciting of Patents, and have found him very active, well-informed and successful. As a gallant officer during the late war, and an honorable and successful practitioner, I recommend him strongly to all who may need his services.

S. A. HURLBUT, M. C.,

Fourth Congressional District, Illinois.

Late Major-General, U. S. Vols.

CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK,

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 17, 1879.

Captain GEORGE E. LEMON, attorney and agent for the collection of war claims at Washington city is a thorough, able, and exceedingly well-informed man of business, of high character, and entirely responsible. I believe that the interests of all having war claims requiring adjustment cannot be confided to safer hands.

JNO. A. J. CRESWELL,

W. F. ROACH,

Secretary.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1, 1875.

From several years' acquaintance with Captain GEORGE E. LEMON of this city, I cheerfully commend him as a gentleman of integrity and worth, and well qualified to attend to the collection of bounty and other claims against the Government. His experience in that line give him superior advantages.

W. P. SPRAGUE, M. C.,

Fifteenth District of Ohio.

JAS. D. STRAWBRIDGE, M. C.,

Thirteenth District of Pennsylvania.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1, 1878.

We, the undersigned, having an acquaintance with Captain GEORGE E. LEMON for the past few years, and a knowledge of the systematic manner in which he conducts his extensive business and of his reliability for fair and honorable dealings connected therewith, cheerfully commend him to claimants generally.

A. V. RICE, Chairman,

Committee on Invalid Pensions, House Reps.

W. F. SLEMONS, M. C.,

Second District of Ark.

W. P. LYNDE, M. C.,

Fourth District of Wis.

R. W. TOWNSEND, M. C.,

Nineteenth District of Ill.

Any person desiring information as to my standing and responsibility will, on request, be furnished with a satisfactory reference in his vicinity or Congressional District.

J. B. Grinnell writes to the Iowa State Register that General Fitz Henry Warren, of Burlington, originated the newspaper phrase, "On to Richmond." It has been said frequently that Secretary Stanton first made use of the expression.

It is estimated by good judges that the mills of Minnesota will grind the present year 20,000,000 bushels of wheat. The increase in milling capacity has been growing every year, but at no period so fast as at present.